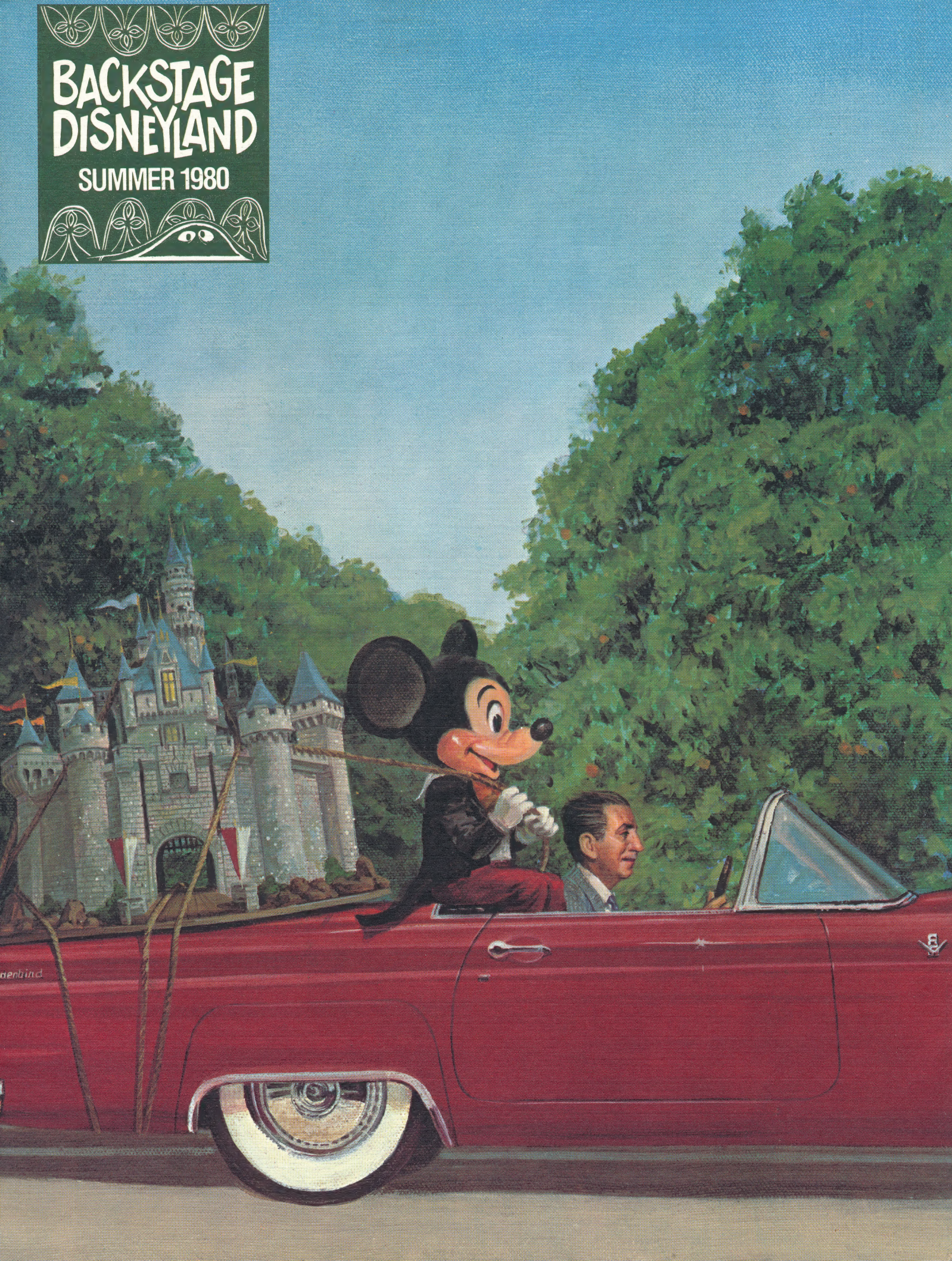
BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND

SUMMER 1980



Disneyland 25

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illustrations by Sharon Prather
copy by Sara Clark

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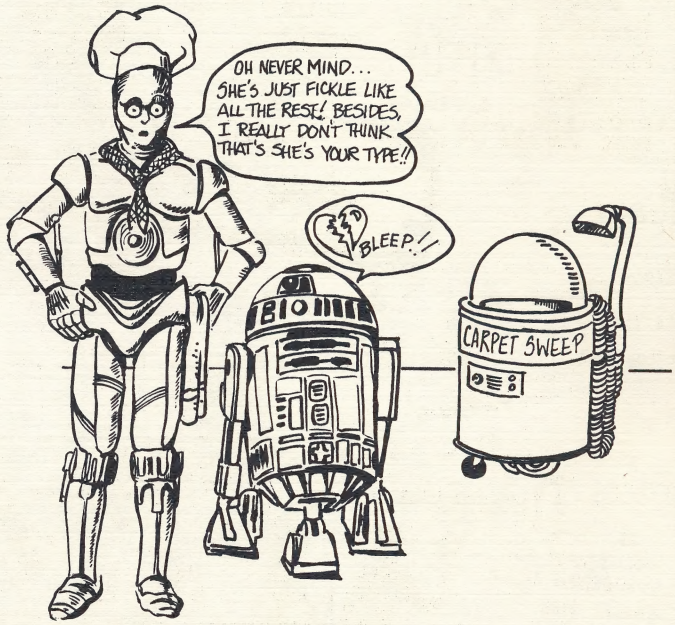
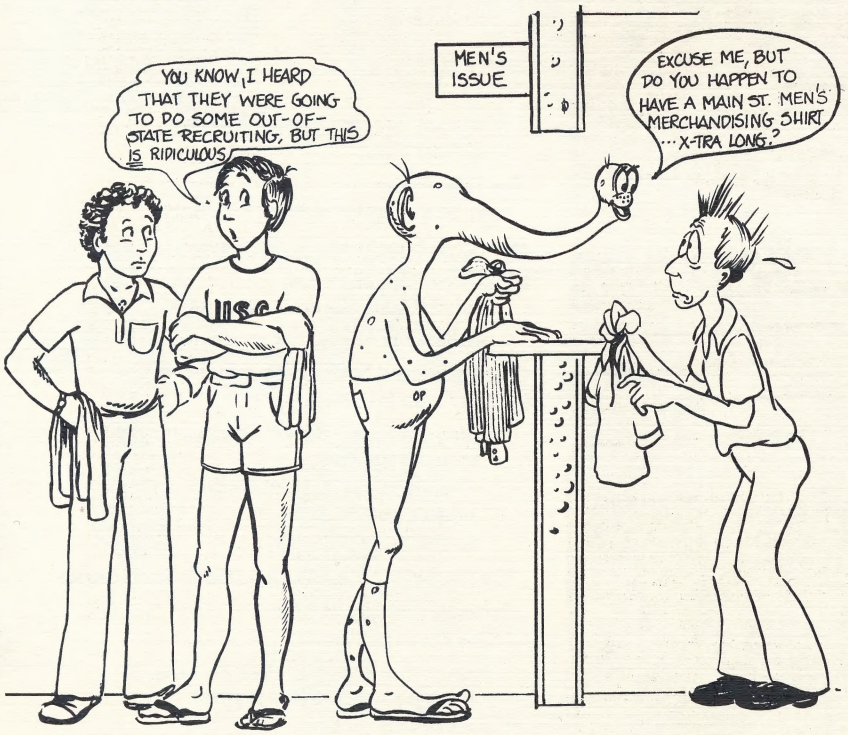
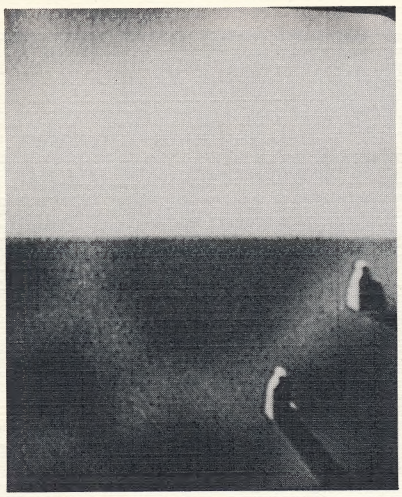
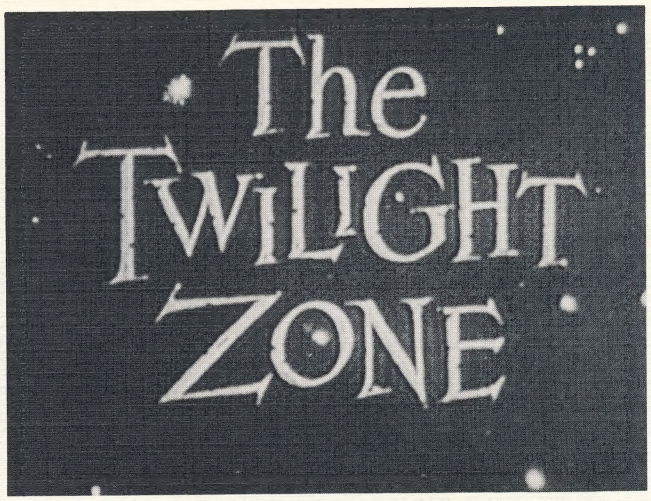
In a day of U.F.O. sighting and space travel, close encounters with a third or even fourth kind of Cast Member may soon become a reality! Here's an example of what might happen if the Empire struck Disneyland!!!!

STAR THE EMPIRE STRIKES DISNEYLAND EARS®



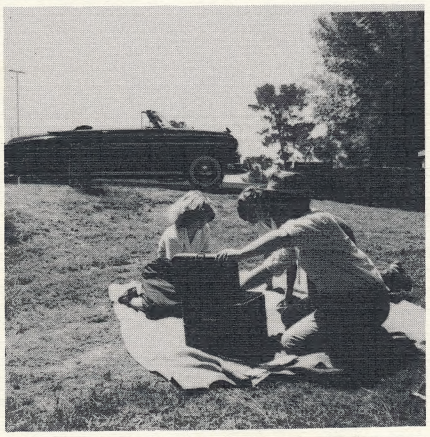






There is a faint line dividing imagination from reality. Sometimes it is difficult to see the difference between the two. Sometimes there isn't one...

A man has just enjoyed a picnic in the park with his two daughters on a Saturday in 1951. His busy schedule allows him only one day to spend with his daughters and he tries to make the most of it.

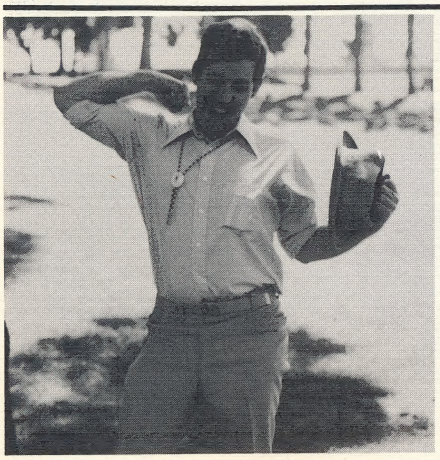


FATHER: That certainly was a nice picnic.

Let's clean up now.

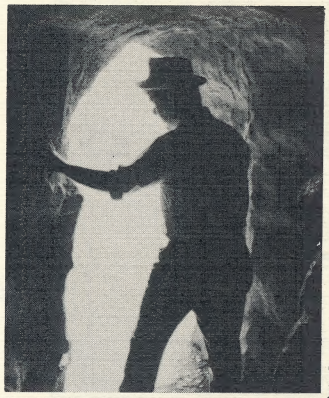
GIRL 1: Daddy, can we go to Joey Nickel's Fun Spot and ride the rides?

FATHER: Daddy's tired, honey. Why don't you two just play around the park? I think I might just take a nap.

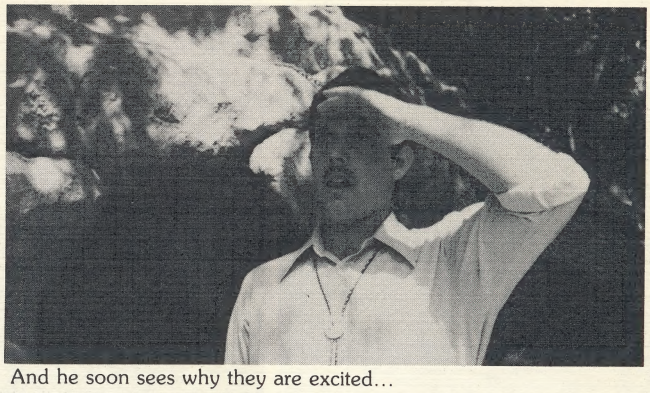


After a relaxing snooze up against a tree, the father awakens to find his daughters gone.

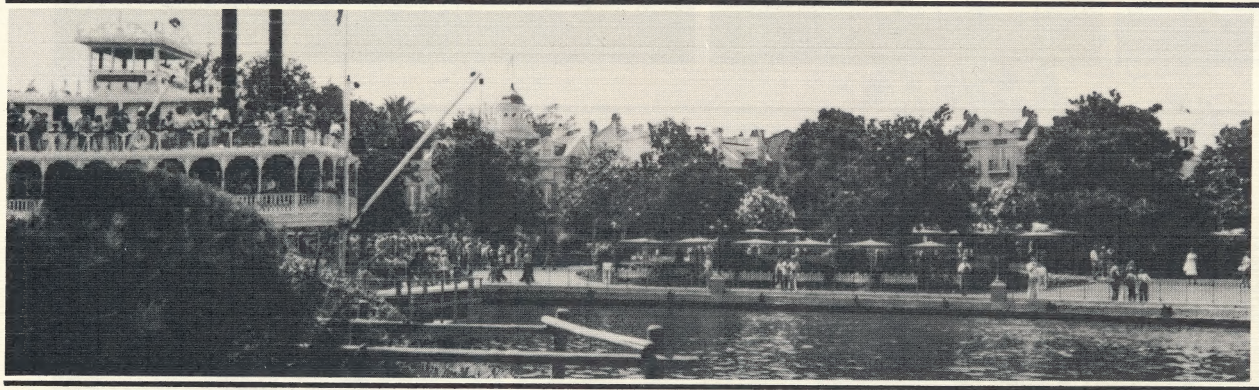
While searching for them, he unexpectedly comes upon a hidden cave and decides to investigate...



After several minutes of wandering in the dark cave, the father finally comes upon an opening in the rock wall. He spots his daughters outside calling excitedly for him to join them.



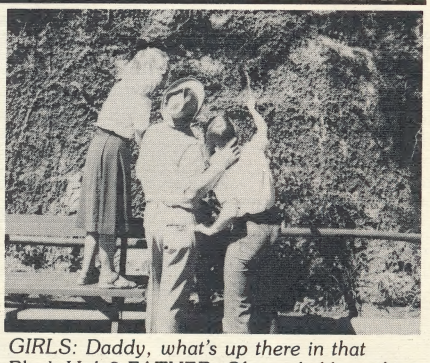
And he soon sees why they are excited...



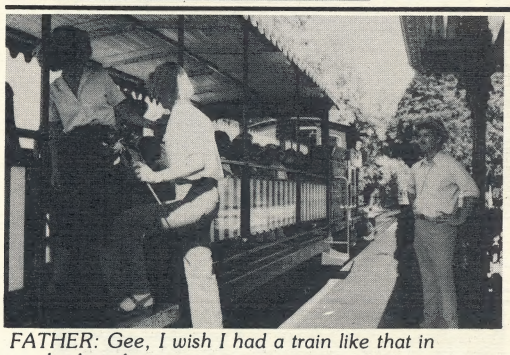
An incredible panorama of a fantasy wonderland stretches before him and beckons to him even as his daughters do.

Following them on board a waiting raft, the father joins his girls for an afternoon of unparalleled fun and adventure in this magical realm...

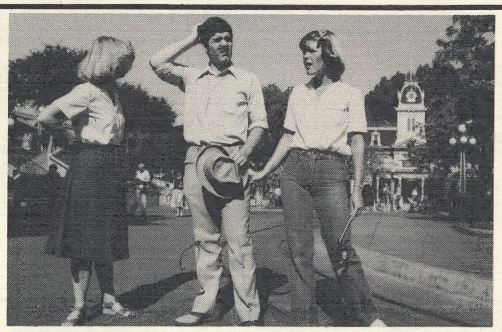
FATHER: Boy, I bet that took a long time to build.



GIRLS: Daddy, what's up there in that Black Hole? FATHER: Oh, probably nothing...



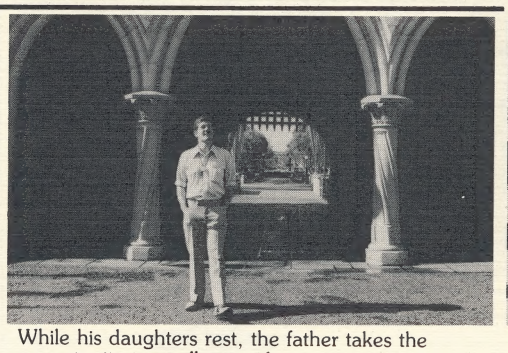
FATHER: Gee, I wish I had a train like that in my backyard.



FATHER: Hmmmm. Why does this street look so familiar?

GIRLS: Daddy, Daddy, we're scared!! FATHER: Oh, come on. Do you think there are monsters in there?

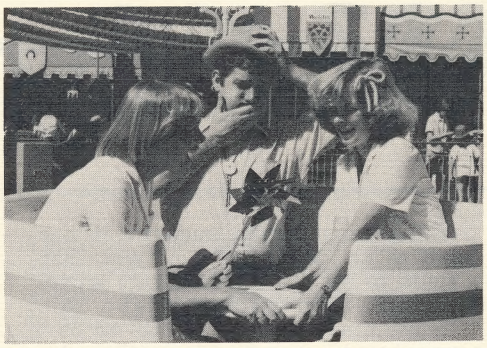
FATHER: No. If they have bathrooms, they probably don't have drinking fountains.



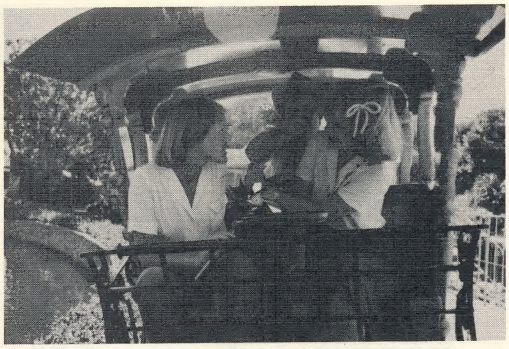
While his daughters rest, the father takes the opportunity to stroll around.

GIRLS: Come on, Daddy! Don't just sit there eating peanuts and popcorn. Join us for some fun together!

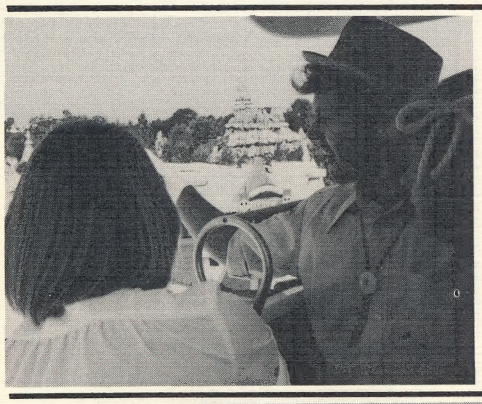
FATHER: (thinking) Now where have I seen that mouse before?

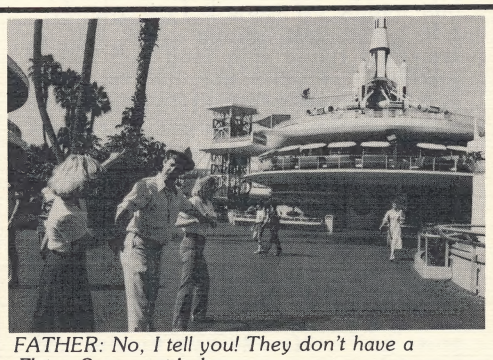


Not all the attractions were Daddy's favorite...

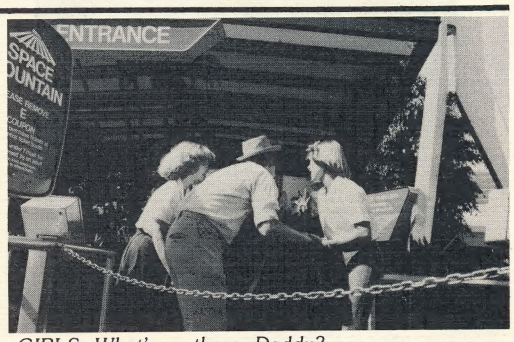


FATHER: I wonder if this little train can...



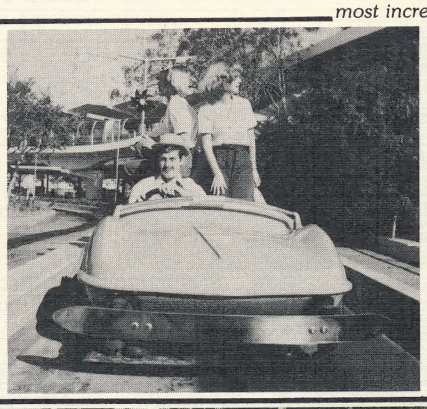


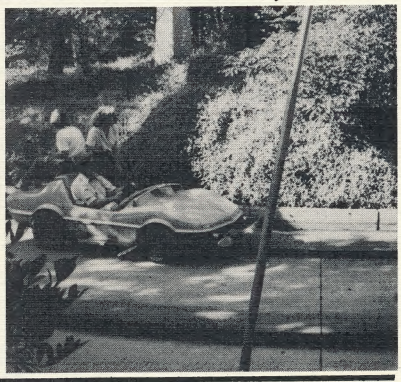
FATHER: No, I tell you! They don't have a Flying Saucers ride here.



GIRLS: What's up there, Daddy?
FATHER: I don't know, but it's probably the most incredible attraction we've seen in years.

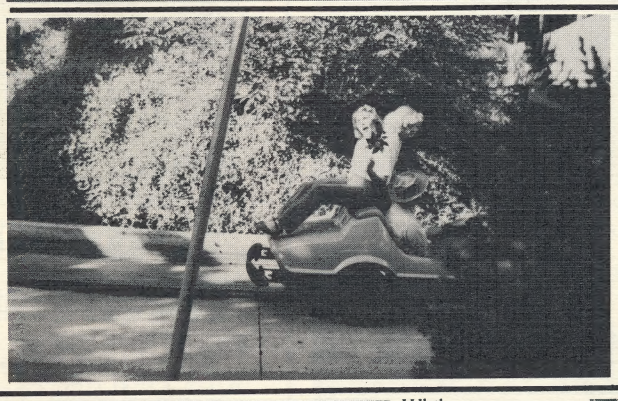
Intrigued by the futuristic-looking automobile, they climb aboard for a ride.

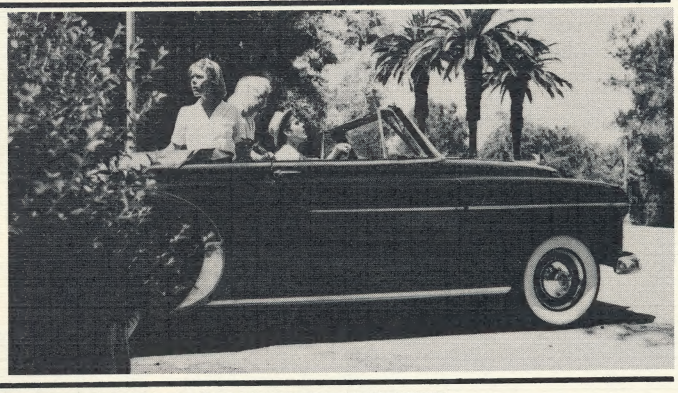


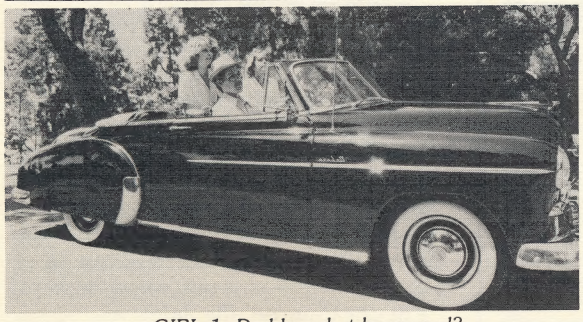


However, the car takes them further than they anticipated...

FATHER: What the...??

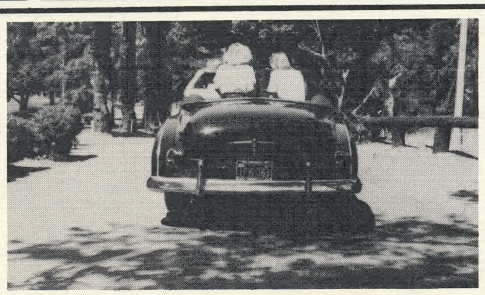






GIRL 1: Daddy, what happened?
GIRL 2: Daddy, where'd it all go?

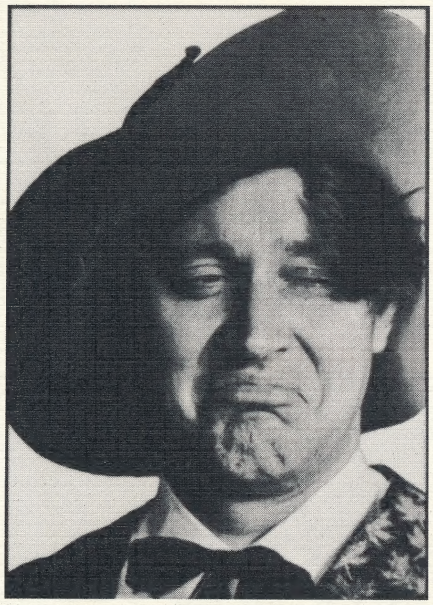
While men constantly step back and forth over that faint line between imagination and reality, most of them stay — for the most part — on one side or the other. There are a select few, however, who are satisfied only to balance precariously right in the middle...of the Twilight Zone.



GIRLS: Daddy, Daddy, can we go on a picnic like this next week?
FATHER: Hush, Sharon and Diane. Daddy's got to think...

The beginning?

Wally Boag



Ye Editor Squawks

Reprint of Backstage Article 1964

Well, we started our tenth year of operation. Nine years ago Disneyland opened to the public. Hundreds of people have asked me what it was like in those early days. Actually, many people have. Well, at least several. If you smooth it out it was my mother who asked. Here, from my diary are facts, facts which will show you how it was the day BEFORE the press opening.

"7:30 a.m....Left house in L.A.... Arrived park 8:00 a.m. (Of course, today with the Freeways, it only takes 1½ hours.)...Started toward Frontierland and looked over the modern parking lot ...Saw bones of creature that got stuck in the road...Creature was polite...Tipped hat. 11:00 a.m....Rehearsed on stage of Golden Horseshoe...12:00...Musicians learned to read music...12:30...Teeth accidentally knocked out by Donald Novis...Got such a yock, from help, decided to keep it in...Jack Sayers suggested using beans instead of teeth, as only paper plates allowed in Horseshoe ...1:00...Decided to visit Park...Went by Plaza, wound up with paint brush in hand...1:38...Collected $8.33 in painter's overtime...1:38½...Hit by falling orange picker, muttering to himself as he looked around, 'What happened to the rest of the orange grove?' ...1:45...Met carpenter who said, 'Everything around here has to be ⅝ scale,' as he started to saw off my legs ...He was only kidding, and I watched him waddle off towards Fantasyland... 1:50...Met Sluefoot Sue...She had an hourglass figure with sand that defied gravity...1:55...Met the Golden Horseshoe dancers...They all had pony tails, two were phony ponies...Girls were trotting around Main St. getting used to the noise...Watched musicians parade around Park getting used to horses...Made mistake of standing still to watch them...Wound up with a coat of red paint and a ticket booth around me...Man walked up and said: 'Two, please, and which way did my orange grove go?'...He was only kidding and I watched him waddle off...2:05... Ralph Adams invited me into the Main St. Cinema...6 shows showing simey—simeltus—all at once...Had already seen them on the Late, Late, Late, extremely tardy show...On my way out tripped over man who said: 'Good pictures aren't they, but my orange grove isn't in here.'...I screamed and waddled over to Adventureland...The reason I was waddling was my gun belt slipped...2:30...Met Walt...He and some architects were discussing additions to the Haunted House and where did the orange grove go?...2:45...Met man who said: 'I've never been to this part of Knott's before!'...Made note to use that in my act..."

So, you see, that day was just like any other day...Everything is as it was except YOU ARE...Oh, by the way, an hour glass normally has the sand at the bottom, but gravity, in this case, an exception, nullified, in contradiction to its normal nature, and not usually having the attributes accredited to it, it has ...Oh, well, Pleasant Buffoonery to you all.

"GET BOAG ON THE PHONE!!!"

Wally Boag, the fast-talking star of Sluefoot Sue's Golden Horseshoe Revue since 1955, was the first editor of **Backstage Magazine**. It's appropriate that he be given an opportunity to reminisce about the Park's "old days" in this 25th Anniversary Issue.....

Your Editor Remembers

It seems like it was only yesterday when I first stepped out on the stage of the Golden Horseshoe. Many things have happened and many things have changed since the day Disneyland first opened. And, in that ten years, I've kept from getting bored because Disneyland is different day in and day out. That's the secret of working here.

I've changed a lot in those ten years, also. The picture above is of me when I first went to work here. I'm the one on the left.

Reprint from Backstage 1965

then... and now...

CONFESSIONS OF A "DISNEYLAND OLDTIMER"

I can't believe I'm a Disneyland Oldtimer . . . it seems like only yesterday, or maybe last week, that I couldn't get to the stage door of the Golden Horseshoe because they were still laying asphalt. What an excitement of that first day television show. In those pre-tape days, what you got was what you saw. Wow, 1955.

Donald Novis and I hosted a half hour radio show from the Horseshoe five days a week . . . "Your Happy Holiday." We had great guests like Groucho, The Andrew Sisters, Joe E. Brown, and even Abbott and Costello, who had us doing "Who's On First." Now and then I would dash up to the Studio and film with a new group called "The Mouseketeers."

The stage-left box of the Golden Horseshoe is still referred to as "Walt's Box." He would stop in a couple of times a week and bring friends. One day he brought in the Indians with him. If you remember, the Indians held a pow-wow every day just the other side of Aunt Jemima (the restaurant that is). That day in the Horseshoe the Chief was holding a tomahawk so I handed him my hairpiece at the end of my act. I explained that it was much more hygienic that way. I almost got a pow...wow!

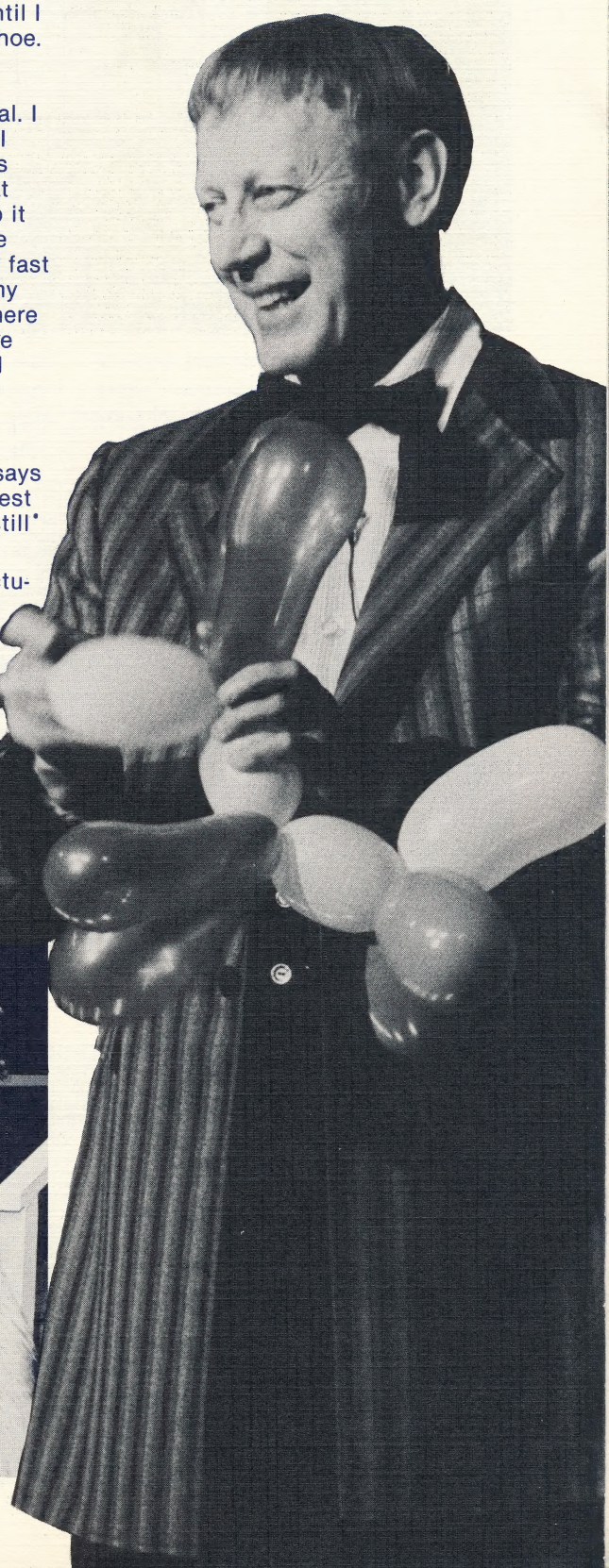
Speaking of hair-raising experiences, I think I was the original tour guide. Every act I knew in show business showed up that first year. I loved it! It gave me an excuse to go on the rides, but I got into trouble the day I took a ventriloquist friend on the jungle cruise. We got as far as the hippo pool and broke down (can you believe that?). 25 minutes later we were still there, and the next Horseshoe show was just starting. There was nothing to do but take out my wallet, take off my hair and swim to shore. I kissed a hippo, ran down the railroad track, dashed up to my dressing room, executed a fast change and was on stage with a couple of minutes to spare. I left that ventriloquist talking to himself.

I never handled a shooting iron until I went into rehearsal at the Horseshoe. I was fascinated. After a week I picked a fight on the street with Lucky Laredo, Frontierland Marshal. I took a couple of prat falls and as I was being gunned down, Walt was walking behind me and said, "That looks like fun; why don't you keep it in?" I wound up being shot off the roof twice a day. We used to have fast draw contests. I got the back of my pants blown off so many times, there was a draw between who hated me the most...wardrobe, or First Aid. I had so many shots that year, they called me the "Tetanus Kid."

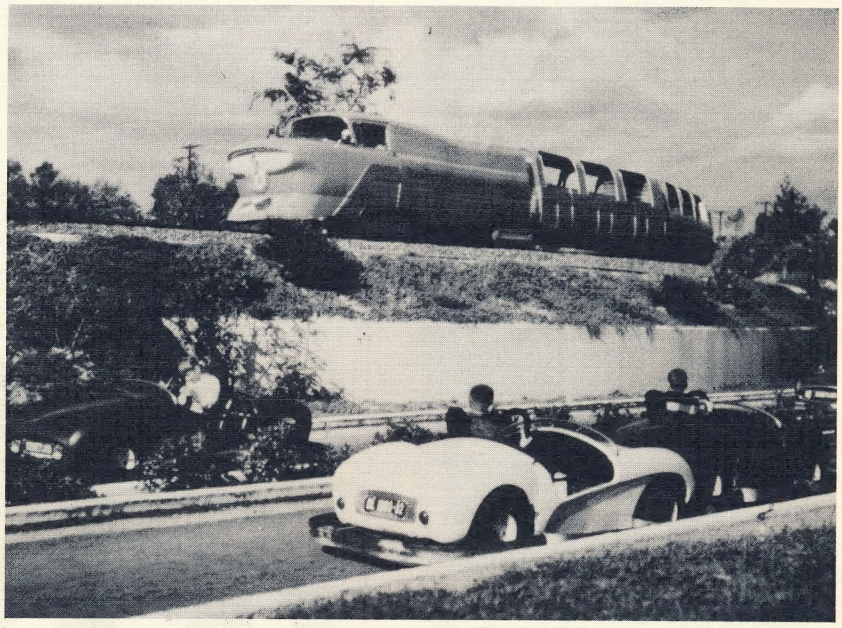
I can't believe I'm a Disneyland oldtimer, but the Guinness Book says the Golden Horseshoe is the longest running show in history, and I'm still running.

I have a 25 year wall in my life. Actually it's more like a neighborhood fence, because at any time I can look over and feel the excitement of Disneyland 1955.

I was a lad then you know...



DISNEYLAND
Right Turn
HARBOR BLVD. 1/3 MILE
CLOSED
MON. TUES.



This Way To The Hollywood Spectacular....

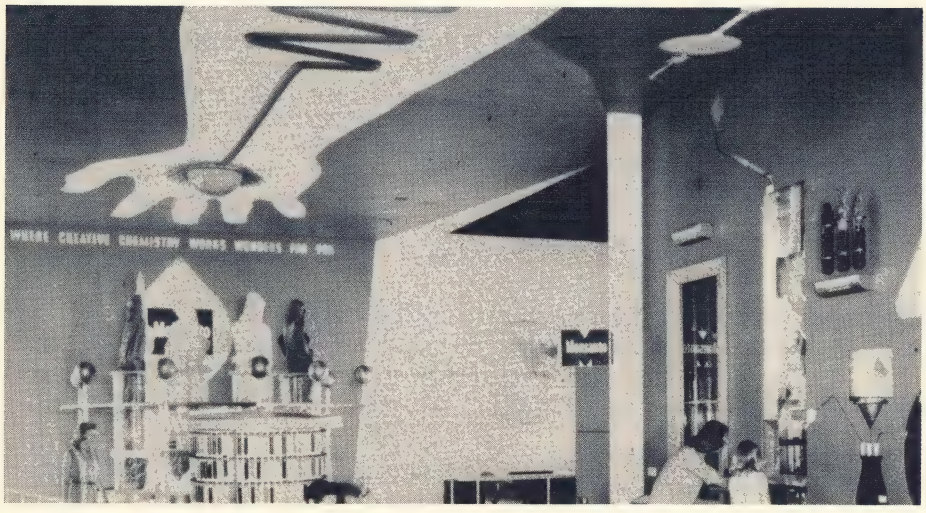
A Spectacular Failure?

The success of Disneyland certainly had an inauspicious beginning. July 17, 1955, was a hot Sunday that drew the crowds like a magnet. The arrival of visitors caused traffic to back up for miles around.

As recounted by Bob Thomas in his book, **Walt Disney: An American Original**, even though the first day was invitational for Studio employees, press, dignitaries and Disneyland exhibitors, thirty-three thousand people filled the Park, thanks to some counterfeited tickets. Rides went down, food locations quickly went through their supplies and a gas leak in Fantasyland caused that area to be closed to the public.

Main Street's asphalt softened in the heat underfoot, the Mark Twain took water on board with an overload of passengers and children were tossed overhead in the crowd to gain entrance to King Arthur's Carousel.

Disneyland's success over the following 25 years, however, more than made up for the failure of that first "Black Sunday," as it has come to be called. The attention to detail, concern for quality and continuing innovation has certainly demonstrated that Disneyland is the foremost family attraction in the world. Here's to 25 more successful years as "The Happiest Place on Earth."



From the day you punch in on the wrong side of your orange timecard, until the day you are forced by oncoming traffic into the center planter area of Harbor Boulevard for the last time, you're bound to encounter the annual ritual of Summer Softball.

Anyone can play, and Summer Softball offers something for everyone: the excitement of competition; the exhilaration of striving together in a group effort; the thrill of victory; and if you believe all this you probably drive a Packard Clipper, serve Spam at all your dinner parties, and enjoy pulling the wings off helpless flies.

Nevertheless, whether you're a reliable returnee or a rueful rookie, dust off those mitts, dig out those bats, and prepare yourself for this summer's exciting action via our specially compiled

PINCH-HIT PRIMER for SUMMER SOFTBALL SUPERSTARS

LESSON 1—ORGANIZING A TEAM

Summer Softball requires a team.

Organizing a team consists of going around to all your friends and describing to them in detail the excitement of Summer Softball.

Or it may consist of the ability to wave shiny objects in the air while chanting "You **WILL** play Summer Softball!...You **WILL** play Summer Softball!..."

The only other requirement is a general knowledge of the game of baseball.

If you are familiar with the terms "batting average" and "RBI's," you will do excellently.

If you are familiar with the terms "The Big A" and "Chavez Ravine," you will do well.

If you are familiar with the terms "whiffleball" and "bubblegum cards," you'd better bail out now and join a canoe team.

LESSON 2—THE TEAM CAPTAIN

Summer Softball teams must have a captain.

The Team Captain is responsible for organizing his team, and making sure that each member is happy.

The Team Captain must understand terms like "leadership" and "authority."

The Team Captain must understand terms like "team effort" and "good sportsmanship."

The Team Captain must understand terms like "kickback," "payoff," and "bribe."

Oops!

These terms will be discussed late at night in a remote section of "X" lot.

LESSON 3—THE TEAM CAPTAIN: PART II

See the delighted Team Captain!

He has applied the terms listed above.

He has also reshuffled five schedules, and bumped three players to obtain Bob Basemauler, a new player with an excellent softball record.

The Team Captain is very, very happy.

See the phone ring.

See the Team Captain turn pretty shades of red, orange, and purple.

See "Fantasy in the Sky" in the daytime.

What has happened? Why is the Team Captain suddenly so testy?

He has just learned that Bob Basemauler has carried over four years of vacation time, and is winging his way to Europe for the summer.

If Bob Basemauler is wise, **he will remain there.**

LESSON 4—THE GIRLS' TEAMS

Summer Softball is not limited to men; there are **women's** teams, too.

These teams are equally exciting to watch in action.

See the cutie playing second base.

Her hair is blonde, her eyes are blue, and her sweats are Jean—Louis.

See a pop fly arch toward her; see her reach for the easy catch.

See her suddenly shriek and fall to the ground, writhing in pain.

What has happened? Has she suffered a seizure? Is she in the grips of a mysterious illness?

No.

She has broken a fingernail reaching for the catch.

MEDIC! MEDIC!

LESSON 5—THE PRACTICE

Summer Softball teams must practice hard in order to win.

See the team hard at work on the playing field.

See them practice batting. And catching. And throwing. And running.

Pant, pant. Puff, puff. Ache, ache.

See the Team Captain, pleased with today's workout, dismiss the team.

See the mad scramble for the parking lot.

See the various cars make a beeline for the Carl's Jr. up the street.

Are the Summer Softball players refreshing themselves with food and drink after a hard day's workout?

NO.

Carl's Jr. is the closest location to the softball field that has restroom facilities.

● LESSON 6—THE SOFTBALL FIELD

Summer Softball is always played at various parks in Anaheim.

These parks feature well-manicured lawns and brilliantly-lit baseball fields.

The only thing softball players have to do is memorize which park is which.

And then find them.

Repeat after me: "Brook East." "Brook West." "Modjeska." "Boysen." "Hart." "Shaffer." "Pearson." "Spurgeon."

See the three teammates on their way to the big game.

See them stop at an Exxon station for directions. And an Arco. And a Mobil. And a Texaco.

See them consult a stack of Thomas Bros. maps.

See them wander on the Southern California system for five days.

See them finally spot a familiar green expanse in the distance with a diamond in the center of it.

See them stop the car, congratulate each other, and do a little dance on the shoulder of the Orange Freeway.

They have found the softball field!

The only trouble is, it's the **WRONG** softball field!

● LESSON 7—WEATHER TO PLAY...

Summer Softball is always played outdoors.

See the typical summer weather for Southern California.

See the blazing sun.

See the mercury climb in the thermometer.

See the thick, funny brown stuff in the air.

In Santa Barbara, they call it "mid-afternoon haze."

In Palm Springs, they call it "hazy sunshine."

On the nightly news, they call it "unhealthful."

See the Summer Softball team out on the playing field.

See the Team Captain halt the game.

See everyone stand around and loiter.

Is the Team Captain worried about the welfare of his team?

Has he decided to obey the AQMD and stop all activity during the smog alert?

NO.

He is simply straining to see which players are in the outfield.

● LESSON 8—THE PLAYOFFS

Summer Softball **playoffs are the crucial point** of the season.

See the team look dejected.

See them pace around the floor in a circle.

Why are they so worried?

Tomorrow they enter the playoffs.

Their competition is a team that has blitzed the last eight teams and reduced them to rubble.

The worried team needs a win badly to deter the plunge into oblivion.

See them suddenly hit on an excellent idea: as a gesture of goodwill, they will invite the opposing team to be treated to lunch tomorrow at the Inn Between.

What an admirable display of good sportsmanship!

But wait a minute...

The Inn Between's menu for tomorrow features "Tuna Surprise" and "Jumbo Chili Dogs."

OH, this team fights dirty!

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

● LESSON 9—THE ALL-STAR-EXECS GAME

The cumulation of the Summer Softball season is the **All-Star–Executives Game.**

The **All-Stars** come for the reward of possibly beating their bosses.

The **Executives** come to answer the challenge.

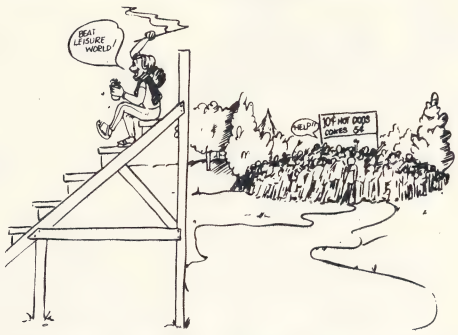
The **fans** come to gorge themselves on 10-cent hot dogs, and to see what Dick Nunis looks like.

See the All-Stars huddle. "Beat Leisure World!" they cry.

See the Executives huddle. "Beat Romper Room!" they cry.

See the teams take the field.

See the bleachers full of cheering fans...



But, they're empty!! Oh dear! What on earth has happened?

The snack bar has run out of 10-cent hot dogs!

Oh well, the game was fun while it lasted!

● LESSON 10—THE ALL-STAR-EXECS GAME: PART II

The game is getting intense.

The suspense is reaching a crescendo!

It is the bottom of the 9th, the Execs are leading, the All-Stars are at bat, and two are in scoring position.

See the meek and unpretentious All-Star step up to the plate.

Here's the wind-up; here's the pitch...

See the bat connect with the ball.

See the high pop fly into center field for a home run.

See the runners head for home plate.

See the All-Star batter burst into tears.

Why is he **crying?**

Is he elated over his home run?

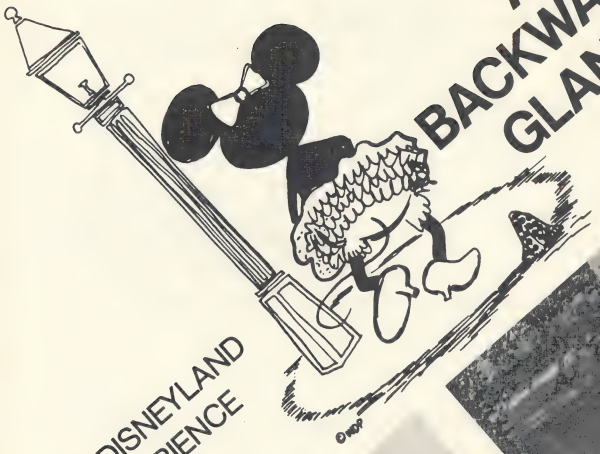
Is he overwhelmed that he has led the All-Stars to victory over the Execs?

NO.

His home run just flew over the head of a supervisor—the one he will have to face at work tomorrow.

OH, the **agony,** Summer Softball player! **OH,** the **AGONY!**

● ● ●



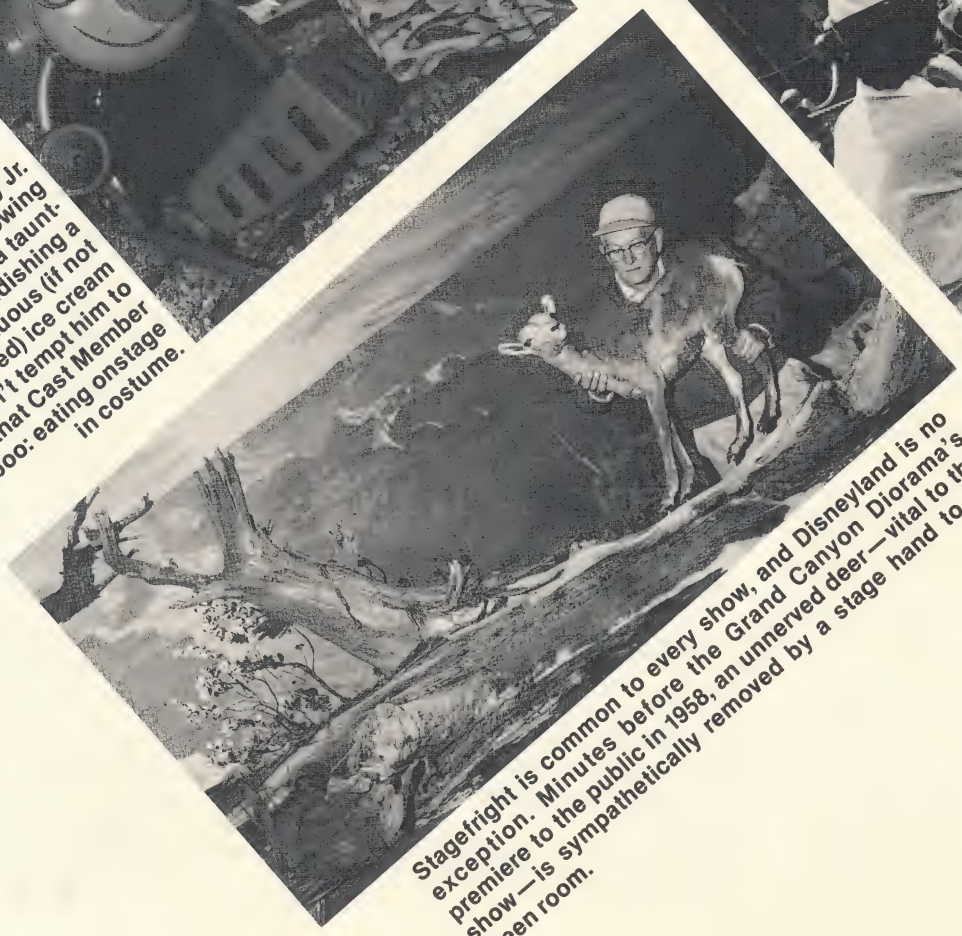
A BACKWARDS GLANCE

THE DISNEYLAND EXPERIENCE

In Beaver Valley, early training programs left nothing to chance.

Early in Disneyland's history, methods were devised for testing the Park's product on its visitors. Here, disguised food-tasters inconspicuously sample the fare at Fantasyland's Pirate Ship.

A newly hired Casey Jr. shows with a knowing smile that even a taunting guest brandishing a scrumptuous (if not slightly used) ice cream bar can't tempt him to break that Cast Member taboo: eating onstage in costume.



Stagefright is common to every show, and Disneyland is no exception. Minutes before the Grand Canyon Diorama's premiere to the public in 1958, an unnerved deer—vital to the show—is sympathetically removed by a stage hand to the green room.

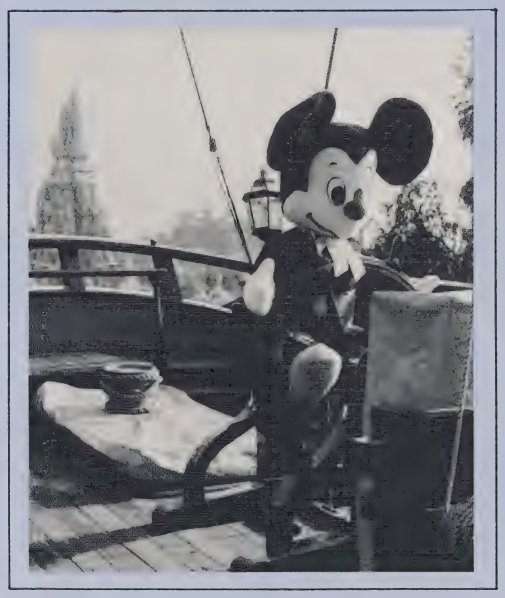
While care was taken to train Attraction Hosts in proper shipboard techniques, inexperienced pilots of the Mark Twain occasionally ran into difficulties.

Since youth brings with it a certain charm, cheerfulness and potential for growth, some of Disneyland's departments hired from a younger job market.

Fish is served with the same care and attention in the Park's restaurant as it is offered to the public on film (20,000 *Leagues Under The Sea*). Here, the day's catch is prepared by one of our chefs.

To trim expenses and minimize waste in our Costuming Division, all the animals in the Disneyland Show were trained to accept a diet of yarn and material remnants unusable in the manufacture of Disneyland's wardrobe.

COUNTING THE FAMILY SILVER



7/17/55: Ike is in the White House, snap beads are in vogue, and poodle skirts are insidious. It is a time of air raid shelters and pink plastic flamingoes, ducktails and mohawks, Bohemians and batons.

The laughter of Lucy echoes for the first time, Father Knows Best for the last time, and Leave it to Beaver for all time.

Loretta Young and Dobie Gillis, James Dean and Montgomery Clift, Groucho and Howdy Doody: In celebration of its Silver Anniversary, Disneyland has consented to this rare public interview with Backstage Magazine.

Backstage: Tell us, Disneyland, what's it like being "The Happiest Place on Earth?"

Disneyland: Life's no picnic, cub reporter person. Working eight, nine hours a day, twelve months a year, up at dawn, in bed at one, all the holidays and Summer and Grad Nites — Grad Nites — you know, I don't get any sleep at all during those . . . I'm bushed: I think I need a vacation. Can I ER? Maybe I'll just call in sick . . . How's this . . . "I have a terrible cold, Addie . . . "

B: Not good enough . . .

DL: It worked for you . . .

B: Never mind that; you can't have a vacation. What about all our guests who've traveled thousands of miles?

DL: Guests, guests, argh . . . all I ever hear about is guests . . . if I ever find out who invited all these people, I'll make them park in X-lot forever.

B: Well, when you get right down to it. in a way you invited them.

DL: Hogfeathers.

B: No, no really now, if it weren't for all those fond memories you've created over the last 25 years, surely they wouldn't keep coming back again and again. Think of it — beginning a second generation of family entertainment . . .

DL: You think of it: I'm going to First Aid.

B: Now, come on, certainly you've had some good times over the years?

DL: Well, I . . . I do sort of like the Main Street Electrical Parade.

B: See now, that's one.

DL: And . . . and the Carrousel and the Mark Twain . . .

B: Now you're talking . . .

DL: And the Street Cars and the Jungle Cruise . . .

B: It's easy, isn't it?

DL: And the Viewliner and Holidayland and the Flying Saucers . . .

B: Excuse me?

DL: The Viewliner, Holidayland, and the Flying Saucers.

B: Uh, those are gone now.

DL: Pardon?

B: Gone . . . at least 10-15 years now.

DL: Say it isn't so, Jimmy Olson clone!

B: Sorry, but it's true.

DL: No, no, a thousand times no!

B: Calm down or I'll call an arcade mechanic.

DL: Don't threaten me . . . what else is missing?

"I don't get out in the area that often."

B: Well, let's see now, the House of the Future, the Animation Exhibit, the Indian Village . . .

DL: Gone?

B: But a memory . . . and Town Square Realty, the Mule Ride, Aunt Jemima's . . .

DL: The joys of my childhood: Oh Rosebud, Rosebud, Rosebud . . .

B: Now surely you knew of all this.

DL: No, no honestly I didn't . . . I don't get out in the area that often. Watching over 160 acres and 200 million guests takes up all my time.

B: But you do have help. What about all the Hosts/Hostesses?

DL: Verily; if it weren't for them, I'd have been a condo conversion years ago.

"Verily; if it weren't for them, I'd have been a condo conversion years ago."

B: How's that?

DL: I'll let you in on a little secret: Disneyland is not a place at all. It's a state of mind. Oh, sure, I provide the environment, the setting, but it takes people to make it all work. Together, we create happiness. It's a very special trust, this creating happiness, and sorely needed, I might add.

B: Interesting thought.

"Can I ER?"

DL: Actually, you know, at times it seems I've come to reflect the personalities of the people who work here more than my own.

B: But if that's true, it means you have more than 7,000 different personalities . . .

DL: Um-hmm. I tell you, Lois Lane look-a-like, Sybil is small potatoes compared to me.

B: I think I'll let that pass. Let's move on. What about the Anniversary Day itself? Any ideas?

DL: Definitely . . . first of all, every guest entering will receive a free bicentennial fan.

B: What does that have to do with the anniversary?

DL: Listen, if I don't give those things away, they'll still be here when I turn 200.

B: What else?

DL: Well, I kind of liked how all the employees sang Happy Birthday to Mickey.

B: Uh, it isn't really your birthday though.

DL: Maybe they could all just dance to the Anniversary Waltz . . . "hmm, when we danced, through the night . . . "

B: Quiet! Someone will hear you . . . by the way, why is it you've never spoken up before?

DL: I'm not allowed to talk in costume.

B: Sorry I asked . . . anything special planned for the 200 millionth guest?

DL: Of course; free admits, a silver pass (quite apropos, I would say), maybe a commemorative medallion . . .

B: Ah, silver no doubt.

DL: Well, I was thinking of something a little more unique . . . a little more Disney.

B: Like what?

DL: How about Rhodium — won't tarnish and lasts forever.

B: Nice.

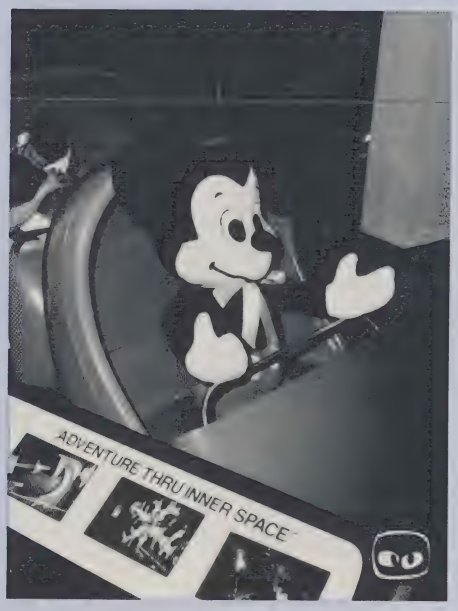
DL: Thank you.

B: Let me get back to you on that. I think I ought to be going: It looks like they're dropping the rope. Anything more to add?

DL: No, not really. Do you mind if I ask you a question?

B: Not at all. Go ahead.

DL: Which way is the Magic Mountain?



"Think of it - beginning a second generation of family entertainment."

Scrapbook

YESTERDAY IN HISTORY

Yesterday will be remembered as THE "Mickey Mouse" event of the decade. What transpired, as guests perspired, was the biggest black bowtie and tails masquerade bash ever to rattle Anaheim, as Disneyland celebrated its 25th anniversary. Over 78,000 guests high-tailed it to the Magic Kingdom in mouse costumes to participate in the 25-hours birthday party.

Guests squeaked through the gates as early as 8:00 a.m., pausing just long enough to have silver "25" tags, good for all attractions, stapled to their ears.

As a prelude to the day's events, Mickey, in silver tights and ears, disco roller-skated down Main Street with a torch to light the eternal flames (25 of them) atop a gigantic birthday cake, which would be extinguished at the end of the 25th hour. (This was almost boycotted by top officials.)

The 6:00 p.m. program featured a 25-gun salute on Main Street. Since twenty-five proficient rifle experts could not be found in time for the event, a Gatling was used instead. Today, the Maintenance Division will begin repair work on City Hall, replant some trees and scour the streets and sidewalks of pigeon surprise.

The 25th hour was culminating in a grandiose fireworks display when the gigantic birthday cake exploded into a million icky-sticky pieces at the thousands of guests, who were at that very moment raising their pieces of cheesecake in a toast to Disneyland. Panic reigned supreme as guests slipped uncontrollably on icing, while Security escorted all suspicious-looking crumbs from the Park premises immediately.

As the 26th hour rolled around, party over and guests gone, the only sound emanating from the Park was the distant swishing of two hundred brooms, clanking dust pans, banging garbage trucks, roaring tractors and grinding bulldozers being utilized to scrape up, piece and glue together what little was left of the Magic Kingdom.

DEAR CRABBY

Yesterday, my wife and I dressed in our best mousey outfits and spent the day at Disneyland's 25th anniversary masquerade party. Since my wife insisted on not leaving her mother at home alone, I agreed to bring her along and board her at the Kal Kan Kennels, where all the guest mice were keeping their humans for the day. All we were required to do was take her mother out at least once during the day to walk her.

Well, my question is, shouldn't my wife have taken care of this duty? After all, it IS her mother. She's mad at me because I refused to do it.

SIGNED, KAL KANNED

Dear Kanned:

I agree with you, in part. Since your wife insisted on bringing her mother along, it should have been her responsibility. However, I have learned from personal experience—my mother-in-law biting me on the leg, burying leftovers in the backyard—that it pays to become friends with her, no matter whose responsibility. If that doesn't work, the only other alternative would be to put her to sleep.

SIGNED, CRABBY

DRAFT DARKENS DUNKING DEBUT

The highlight of the 25th anniversary party was to be a Friendship Ring of Fire culminating the 24th hour of July 17th, 1980. Twenty-five candles burning atop a 25-layer birthday cake were taken by Park employees to light twenty-five candles held by guests, who in turn, were to light twenty-five more candles, and so on until the entire Park was ablaze with happy faces, hearty voices and hot wicks.

As a warm glow spread throughout the Park, somewhere in the crowd a man, given a hot-foot by a hyperactive ten-year-old, dropped his lighted candle onto a short woman's wig, which immediately burst into flame, taking everyone by surprise, especially the woman wearing it. As Park fire department personnel struggled to extinguish the melting saran, 425 guests and 2 firemen were consumed by a sea of foam which suddenly darkened the entire east side of the hub. Coupled with a draft created by hundreds of guests blowing out their candles, the glow of a few moments before turned into a smoky smuttiness.

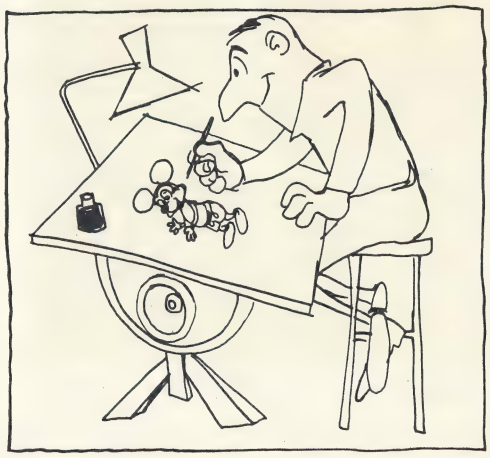
But the real tragedy was that while this little diversion was going on, everyone completely missed Silverbelle (Tinker's unpleasantly plump sister) making her summer debut by sinking into the moat.

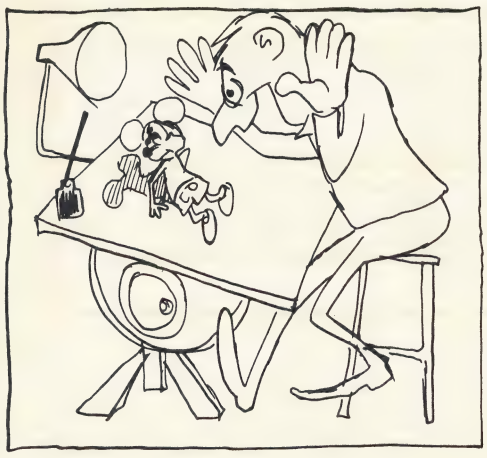
NEWS BLINKS

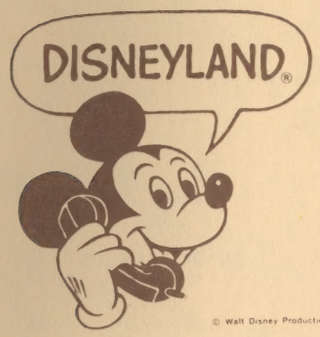
Early this morning, Almay Cutters of Garden Grove, noticed her prized mouser hovering, then jumping up and yowling over a large, dark object in her backyard. Her tabby was obviously in catnip heaven over what appeared to be a very large mouse, tail missing and snoring loudly. However, on closer inspection, Ms. Cutters saw a peculiar tattoo shaped like a "25" on the thing's wrist and surmised that it was a fugitive employee from Disneyland's birthday celebration.

After prying it away from her bristling cat, she gave it some tea and called the police.

The name of the employee is being withheld until he can remember it. In the meantime, he is resting comfortably in the Palm Harbor psychiatric wing.







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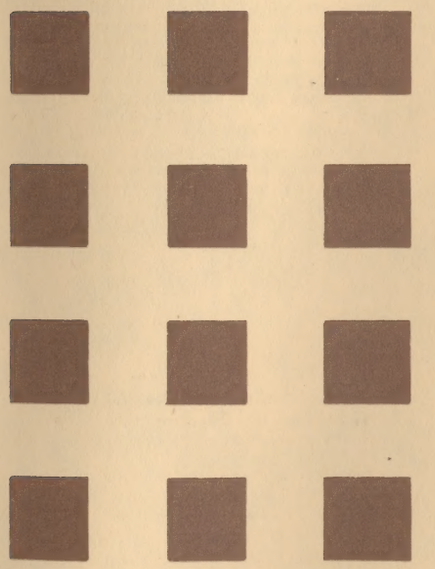
Dialing Instructions



dimentia

DEMENTIA PBX DIALING INSTRUCTIONS

Your EXTENSION 6921105428

	FEATURES	WHAT YOU WANT	PROCEDURE—What You Do Is What You Get
X	**ATTENDANT CONFERENCE** (up to 6 parties)	Enables you to conduct meetings with several directors from the refuge of your office on those days that you need a haircut, have a big zit on your nose or can't get that Spam dot off your shirt.	*Dial first extension;* PUT ON CALL HOLD (*Z) *Dial second extension;* PUT ON CALL HOLD. *Etc. etc.* DEPRESS SWITCHHOOK. • ⊓ • All parties **SHOULD** be on the line. *If not. . . dial first extension . . .* (note #8)
X	**AUTOMATIC CALLBACK**	For the party that refuses to return your calls, this feature causes his phone to automatically ring you back the next time he picks up his receiver.	*Dial extension;* LET RING ONCE AND HANG UP.]#D] • – – AND WAIT FOR RINGBACK . . . *(which if doesn't occur within 30 seconds, repeat procedure).* See note # 10B for too many hangups without ringbacks.
X	**CALL FORWARDING ALL CALLS**	Means, you're "it" while everyone breaks for lunch.	*Listen for the thunder of forty phones being hung up.* *Listen for the reverberations of forty phones ringing down the hallway.* **LISTEN . . . GET OUT OF THERE.**
X	**CALL FORWARDING BUSY / DON'T ANSWER**	Means, I'm busy, so don't forward any calls to me 'cuz I won't answer.	*Dial [#B]* – • • • – DIAL EXTENSION. **IF SOMEONE ANSWERS, HANG UP IMMEDIATELY [•].** If you get a • • ∩∩ • • ∩∩ forward calls to whoever is "it."
X	**CALL HOLD**	Hold incoming call to buy time to think up an excuse, get your boss out of the office, get your boss into the office, or just git.	DEPRESS SWITCHHOOK ∩∩ • – *Dial [*Q].* LAY HANDSET DOWN; *lay head down.* HAVE A GOOD CRY. *[#Q] Begin babbling.*
X	**CALL PICKUP**	Means, when someone calls, you pick up the phone.	*Listen for ring.* IF IN GOOD MOOD, *pickup handset* – – ∩∩ BEGIN SPEAKING. IF IN BAD MOOD, *pickup handset* ✕ ✕ ! HANG UP.
X	**CALL WAITING SIGNAL (TO ANSWER)**	Signifies that call waiting tones have been sent by the Caller to the Callee.	HANG UP. *Your phone will ring . . . someday. (note #13)*
X	**CALL WAITING SIGNAL (TO SEND ONE BEEP)**	Means, you're holding and call waiting tone is getting excited and starting to beep.	HANG UP. *Wait for ring* – – > • ∩∩ ∧ WHEN IT STARTS TO BEEP, *pickup handset and hang up.* PICKUP HANDSET, *depress switchhook and hang up.*
X	**CALL WAITING SIGNAL (TO SEND THREE BEEPS)**	Means, you're holding, call waiting tone is extremely hyper, you're extremely angry and about to give Callee three beeps in the mouth.	HANG UP. *Wait. Listen. (note #11A)* WHEN IT STARTS TO BEEP, HANG UP. *Pickup. Hang up.* BEEP. *Depress* • ∧ • **HANG UP** – ⊖ – ∧ ! JUMP UP. *Beep.* **THROW DOWN. GIVE UP. GO HOME.** *Beep.*
X	**THREEWAY CONVERSATION**	To add a third party when the conversation with the second party is getting boring, obscene or political.	LISTEN. *Call hold. [*∩]* DIAL THIRD PARTY ▬ *Announce second party.* **HANG UP.**
X	**TRANSFER**	Passing the buck.	[#W] – – • • ∩ *(note #12)* • • ∧∨ – – *[*#]* (NOTE #7) ∩∩ • • ◇ *(note #14)* – ▬ – *[#K]* – • *[#J]* ∿∿
X	**TRUNK ANSWER NIGHT BELL**	When night (5:00 p.m.) bell is signalling, the entire phone system is in a shutdown mode and tape is engaged . . . "At the tone, all phones will be inoperative. This is a recor . . ."	DIAL [M] *Listen for bell.* IMMEDIATELY PULL HANDSET FROM EAR. **IMMEDIATELY SCREAM.** *But remember, no one can hear you because the phones have been disengaged.*
X	**TRUNK QUEUING**	During peak periods, calls are placed in queue along main trunk lines in order of occurrence, unless superseded by a deletion, held over by transferring or forwarded by an automatic callback.	∩ – ∩ • DIAL [F] HANG UP. *Wait for ring. Redial.* **HANG UP.** DIAL [#H] HANG UP. *Try again later.* HANG UP. *You are no longer in queue.* *You never were in queue.* **YOU NEVER WANT TO BE IN QUEUE.**

X Indicates that you **DO NOT** have the feature

MISCELLANEOUS

TONES

_____ STRAIGHT LINE TONE
Phone just died.

– – • • – – S.O.S. TONE
HELP!

• • • ! CONFIRMATION TONE
Yup. You've been cut off.

∿∿ SIREN
You blew it!

ZZZ ZZZ Z-FAST BUSY TONE
Caller or Callee fell asleep.

YOUR CALL PICK-UP GROUP

_____ _____ _____ _____
_____ _____ _____ _____

NOTE: *Forget it. It's everyone for himself.*

SIGNALS

One ringy dingy—Someone testing your ineptitude with this new phone system.

Two ringy dingys—Two simultaneous calls OR one person calling in on two lines in a game of Run and Catch the Ringing Phones.

Three ringy dingys—Three simultaneous calls, two short circuits, one person not answering, and a partridge in a pear tree.

"Special" ringy dingy—Inaudible ring with lower pitch at end (dog caller).

ACCESS CODES

CODE	LOCATION	CODE	LOCATION
7-11	LAS VEGAS	10-4	UNI COPS
21	SUSIE'S BAR	747	WEIGHT WATCHERS
65	OLDIES BUT GOODIES RETIREMENT HOME	007	BOY-FRIEND'S

SWITCHHOOK OPERATION

Switchhook—That little doo-dad that holds your mouth and ears quiet between jivin'.

Depress Switchhook—Means hit that sucker down, honey.

NOTES

1. The party to whom you were speaking split.
2. The call you wanted to put on hold wasn't and the one you didn't is.
3. Your personal call is being automatically put on hold and all incoming calls in your pickup group transferred to your line.
4. If the first party cannot reach the third party, depress switchhook to connect the second party; depress twice to bring back the first party; get depressed if there is no party.
5. If you don't wish to be in queue, then hang up, dummy, and forget you!
6. If you hear ringing in handset, it's either about to self-destruct or already has.

YEP! it's 25 years old all right, you can tell by its teeth...

CERRITOS ST.
Ronnie's
Orange
Juice 5¢
Dominguez
Orchard
ANAHEIM